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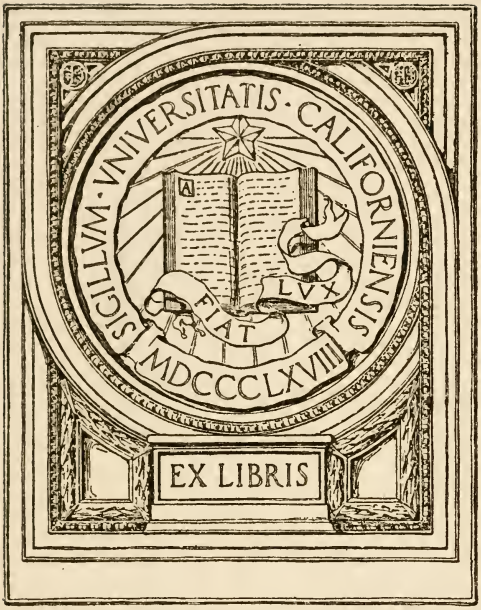
Melinda and Her Sisters

by

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont

and

Elsa Maxwell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Melinda and Her Sisters

BY
MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT
AND
ELSA MAXWELL

MUSIC AND LYRICS BY
ELSA MAXWELL

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CAST

Mrs. John Pepper, of Oshkosh out West. A common grasping climber belonging to the *nouveaux riches* type.

Mr. John Pepper, her husband, who would have been nice if let alone. An honest, shy, sad, sort of man. Father of eight daughters.

Nellie Pepper, beautiful, vivacious, with a talent for dancing. Later called Terpsichore. (Classic dancer.) She is accompanied by her friends Taglione, Pavlowa, Karsavina, Adelaide, Kattorana, etc.

Annie Pepper, charming, though misguided. She has talent for operatic singing. Later called Sympharosa.

Dollie Pepper, comically tragic, who would be a second Rachel. Later called Iphigenia. Accompanied by Sophocles.

Pollie Pepper, very engaging, with a talent for ball-room dancing. Later called Orchesteria. Accompanied by Narcissus and friends.

Mollie Pepper, looks like she sounds. Talent for sports. Later called Atalanta. Accompanied by Europa and Diana.

Bessie Pepper, sprightly and rather silly, who would be a musical comedy star. Later called Ariadne. Accompanied by Bacchus.

Bettie Pepper, a would-be poetess. Called Sappho. Accompanied by Praxiteles.

Melinda, the youngest daughter.

Mrs. Grundy, Mrs. Malaprop, } village gossips.

Dr. Doolittle, the village doctor.

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CAST

Mayor Dooless, the village Mayor.
The Rev. Wontstop, the village preacher.
Mrs. Knowitall, the village school teacher.
Mr. Vermifuge, the village Vet.
An Old Lady.
Butler.
Little Children, Factory Girls, etc., friends of Melinda.
Chorus of Servants, etc.

MELINDA AND HER SISTERS

[*The* SCENE *is laid in a pretentious garden in the more pretentious villa of* MR. *and* MRS. PEPPER *in a remote town out West. Preparation for a fête is in evidence. Servants are bustling about arranging chairs, tables for refreshments, hanging Chinese lanterns, etc.*]

[*Enter* MRS. MALAPROP *followed by* MRS. GRUNDY]

MRS. MALAPROP

This is where they are holding the levee this afternoon. I do wish I knew who accepted and who refused.

MRS. GRUNDY

You are quite right, my dear; one can never be too careful about acceptances. People are inclined to accept far too many things, when it's a question of the honest though rich.

MRS. MALAPROP

And an unnecessarily large amount of refusals when it's a question of the deserving but dishonest poor.

MRS. GRUNDY

Malvina Malaprop, why did you condescend to honor the Peppers with your presence today?

MRS. MALAPROP

Simply for the same reason you did, my dear.

BOTH IN CHORUS

Curiosity!

MRS. GRUNDY

Oh, curiosity is such a comforting passion — the only one which has not grown out of fashion.

MRS. MALAPROP

People's hair, teeth, even their eyes, have been known to change color at various intervals in life, but curiosity, like the Mississippi, goes on forever.

MRS. GRUNDY

Curiosity is nature's legacy to Woman.

MRS. MALAPROP

The only trait in which she is consistent. How much are they worth, my dear?

MRS. GRUNDY

I don't know, but John Pepper must have put by a tidy sum.

MRS. MALAPROP

Have they money enough to move East and buy a Villa at Newport?

MRS. GRUNDY

It doesn't take *money* to get a Villa at Newport; it takes brains.

MRS. MALAPROP

Well, it takes brains to make money.

MRS. GRUNDY

Any fool can make money; it takes a clever person to spend it.

MRS. MALAPROP

No one with money ever has troubles.

MRS. GRUNDY

No, but the trouble that the moneyed classes are causing us is simply terrible. Take these Peppers. Who was Mr. John Pepper? A nobody, a nonentity, and then one day he found out that glue was good to stick things with, and he has stuck ever since, till glue and Mrs. Pepper produced him eight daughters, four bathrooms, three chow dogs, a mansard roof, a real English butler, and a Victrola, and now we have to receive them into our holy of holies, along with his stuck-up wife — simply because of glue.

MRS. MALAPROP

Well, my dear, there's one consolation. If it hadn't been glue it would have been something equally as sticky. Look how far jam has taken some people; and marmalade has lent a wonderful caché to various family trees.

MRS. GRUNDY

Wheatena once had a certain social significance, but it's strange how even industries change. Really marriage is the only industry which never goes out of date, but even now I don't see how these Peppers get on and I don't think her hair is as honest as she says.

MRS. MALAPROP

Never believe what a woman's hair has to say. Hair is notoriously untruthful.

MRS. GRUNDY

No, but hair covers a multitude of sins. They say that in New York women can have their hair

any color they like as long as it suits the color of the dog they're wearing.

MRS. MALAPROP

People don't wear dogs; they carry them.

MRS. GRUNDY

Not in New York. Everything is worn there. They even wear their motor cars when they go calling.

MRS. MALAPROP

Yes, the honest, though rich, certainly have things their own way in this country. Well, I suppose we must admit the Peppers into society today. The party is to present the girls, isn't it?

MRS. GRUNDY

Yes, Nellie, Annie, Dolly, Polly, Mollie, Bessie, and Betty. They are returning today from their finishing schools abroad. Nellie they have called Euphonia; just what that means I don't know, but she is supposed to be a great dancer; and Annie

they have called Sympharosa. She is supposed to be able to strike high C every time she sings. Then there's Dolly, who has been in Paris, studying to be a second Bernhardt. They call her Iphigenia. I can't speak it, but this is the way it's spelled. Then Polly they have called Orchesteria. They say she looks just like Mrs. Castle, and dances better too. Molly Pepper they call Atalanta. It's about some Greek woman who lost a race running for a street car or something like that. They say she plays a good game of golf, can swim across the Mediterranean, and is versatile in the latest profanity. She's been at Newport lately. Bessie Pepper they call Ariadne. She's going to shine in musical comedy, and Betty Pepper writes wonderful poems. They are so wonderful that they never get published. They call her Sappho, but I don't think it's hardly proper.

MRS. MALAPROP

And where is Melinda? Has she no talents to cultivate like her sisters; has she no ambition to shine socially and make a good match?

MRS. GRUNDY

Hush! They don't mention Melinda nowadays. She is the skeleton in the closet of the Peppers. There's a great mystery here and I should like to pry it out.

[DUET: *"Don't Gossip" and exeunt*]

[MR. *and* MRS. PEPPER *enter to oversee the preparations going on.* MRS. PEPPER *is very arrogant and overdressed, with an affected accent of ultra refinement and exaggerated dignity of bearing.* MR. PEPPER *is meek and depressed with a deprecatory manner and near-sighted*]

MRS. PEPPER

Now, Papa Pepper, what have you got to say for yourself? Look what you've been brought to by your fond and doting wife. Here you are just like one of those Lords you read about in the *Tatler.* Today is the day of which I have always dreamed, and thought of, and prayed to come true. There are our beautiful girls coming back full of their new

accomplishments that are sure to get them all good husbands, and elect them to the new Colony Club when we arrive East. As for you, you don't need clubs. And you had better resign from the Elks.

MR. PEPPER

Why, I always found the Elks most useful, my dear.

MRS. PEPPER

No woman's husband at all prominent socially ever belongs to the Elks.

MR. PEPPER

But a man must belong to some club; it's his recreation.

MRS. PEPPER

No, the only recreation for a man nowadays is to help his wife make a social success. That's the only thing that really counts. To be a success socially is the stepping stone to the higher life: Publicity. And I am going to see to it that our girls get all the

advertising that the morning paper can print. That will get them good husbands, if anything will. Publicity is the very keynote of life nowadays.

MR. PEPPER

[*Shaking head*]

But, my dear, there is surely something else in life for our girls than merely to make good matches.

MRS. PEPPER

More? Papa Pepper, what do you mean? What more could there be in life than that our girls should enjoy themselves, find amusement, and associate with the best people? That was more than I expected when I married you, John Pepper, and although I did washing then and we lived in a shack in the valley, now we have a mansion on the hill.

MR. PEPPER

Where is Melinda?

MRS. PEPPER

[*Stopping him peremptorily*]

Hush! Don't speak of Melinda today. Think

of Euphonia's new Paquin frock. I do hope the color will match our best candle shades.

MR. PEPPER

But Melinda . . .

MRS. PEPPER

Think of Sympharosa's new tea gown —how that will dazzle the Village Vet!

MR. PEPPER

[*Interrupting*]

I wish you wouldn't call them by those new-fangled names. I don't recognize my little Nellie and Annie in such highfalutin titles.

MRS. PEPPER

Hush, John. That's what they call "nouveaux art" or something of the sort.

MR. PEPPER

Now Melinda to me is a beautiful name. Where is Melinda?

MRS. PEPPER

I told you we would not discuss Melinda today.

MR. PEPPER

But I do hope the girls will be real ladies after their expensive education.

MRS. PEPPER

Education? What has that got to do with a lady? When I married you I had no education and yet I was a perfect lady just the same, Mr. John Pepper.

MR. PEPPER

So you have told me before, my dear. But I do hope the girls will be kind-hearted.

MRS. PEPPER

Kind-hearted? Did you ever hear of a lady that was kind-hearted? You are too old fashioned, John. They don't teach such things at finishing schools nowadays.

MR. PEPPER

Well, at least I hope they have good minds and retentive memories.

MRS. PEPPER

Good gracious, John, you expect the impossible. And besides it is very bad form to remember anything nowadays and, so far as knowledge goes, we don't send our girls to school to learn anything, for a perfect lady should know absolutely nothing. It creates an atmosphere of mystery and elusive charm. That's what men like in a woman. She should know nothing, think nothing, say nothing, but dress well, look well, and dance.

MR. PEPPER

[*Interrupting*]

But haven't our girls been brought up to learn to become good wives and mothers?

MRS. PEPPER

Hush! Don't be so indelicate, John. No well-bred woman at all prominent socially ever associates

motherhood with marriage. The duty of young people who marry is to give more expensive luncheons than their neighbors and at least have two members of the Castoria family at her Thursday afternoons once a month. That is the duty of every self-respecting young married woman today.

MR. PEPPER

Well, I give it up. I thought at least when two young people married they lived for their children and each other.

MRS. PEPPER

Each other? How vulgar! Any woman who sits at the same table with her own husband more than once a week is simply *déclassée*. That's the iron social rule laid down last season in Newport.

MR. PEPPER

But whom do wives dine with, if not with their husbands?

MRS. PEPPER

Why, with other women's husbands, of course. That is what marriage is for.

MR. PEPPER

[*Sadly*]

Well, things have changed since I was a boy.

MRS. PEPPER

And since I was a girl, thank Heaven!

[DUET: *"Since I Was a Boy and a Girl"*]

[*Guests begin to arrive and the orchestra strikes up popular tunes. There is much bustling about and the large and portly butler announces the various social celebrities as they enter*]

[*Enter* MRS. GRUNDY]

BUTLER

[*In loud voice*]

Her Grace The Duchess of Grundy! [*In a loud aside to* MRS. GRUNDY]. Beg pardon, ma'am, but my mistress does love the sound of a title.

[*Enter* MRS. MALAPROP]

BUTLER

[*In loud voice*]

Her Serene Highness Princess Malaprop!

MRS. MALAPROP

[*Objecting*]

You made a mistake, my man.

BUTLER

[*Apologetically*]

Them's me h'orders, ma'am; so Princess you are whether you like it or not.

[MRS. MALAPROP *retires bewildered and joins* MRS. GRUNDY]

[*Enter* DR. DOOLITTLE]

BUTLER

[*In loud voice*]

His Grace The Duke of Doolittle!

DR. DOOLITTLE

[*Spluttering*]

But, my good man, I am the village doctor.

BUTLER

[*Firmly*]

You are the village Duke today.

[DR. DOOLITTLE, *protesting, joins* MRS. MALAPROP *and* MRS. GRUNDY]

[*Enter* REVEREND WONTSTOP]

BUTLER

His Excellency Canon Wontstop!

REVEREND WONTSTOP

Canon? I am a man of peace, sir!

BUTLER

[*Serenely*]

Never mind, you won't go off.

[*Enter* MRS. KNOWITALL]

BUTLER

Her Royal Highness The Grand Duchess of Knowitall!

MRS. KNOWITALL

[*Beaming*]

How sweet it sounds! I always fancied myself with a title.

REVEREND WONTSTOP

What a delightful custom! In imagination I am already of royal blood.

DR. DOOLITTLE

And why not? America is really the greatest monarchy of all. Our society is the most expensive to get into.

MRS. KNOWITALL

And to get out of.

[*Enter* MAYOR DOOLESS]

BUTLER

His Excellency The Most High Lord Mayor Dooless of Oshkosh!

MAYOR

[*Tipping* BUTLER *heavily*]

How pleasant it is to be treated with a dignity one really deserves!

MRS. KNOWITALL

We were just saying what delightful restrictions exist in this country of ours. It is so nice to be born in a position which enables one to cut others. That is the real higher education for women: to know just who and where and when to cut people. For instance, if I am in the orchestra and Mrs. Malaprop is in the stage box of the village Opera House, I can bow to her without exciting comment,

but if the positions were reversed, I could not. If you know a woman on Fifth Avenue, you must not recognize her on Sixth. It wouldn't do.

[*Enter* Mr. Vermifuge]

Butler

The Honorable Mr. Vermifuge!

Mr. Vermifuge

Dear me, dear me! Sounds quite exciting! As a matter of fact I am late because Mrs. Pepper's French bull was suffering from a slight intestinal disorder. I am so sorry! It quite slipped out. One should not mention such things in the best circles.

Mrs. Knowitall

[*Soothingly*]

Oh, that's all right, my dear Vermifuge. It's quite in fashion now to mention one's ailments. One talks of nothing at dinner nowadays but the effect of each course upon the liver. It is really quite exciting comparing notes.

MAYOR DOOLESS

Oh, yes, the insides of things nowadays form the sole topic of conversation. People have talked for centuries about the outsides. It is time one took an interest in the *in.*

MR. PEPPER

[*Almost choking*]

Ladies and gentlemen (choke) friends. This is a most happy occasion and Mrs. (choke) Pepper and myself feel proud in the thought that our daughters are here to share with us the pleasure we feel in welcoming you to our humble home.

[MR. *and* MRS. PEPPER *come down stage and greet all their friends. Loud voices are heard, motor horns, cheering, and music begins*]

[*Enter* ANNIE *as* SYMPHAROSA *with* girl *friends. She embraces her mother and father, bows her acknowledgments to crowd, and sings operatic aria*]

[*Enter* NELLIE *as* EUPHONIA *with friends as Russian ballet girls. In chorus they explain that* EUPHONIA *hopes to make Pavlowa take a back seat. With Russian music* EUPHONIA *executes a wild barbaric pas seul, finishing in a grand finale*]

[*Enter* MOLLY *or* ATALANTA *with friends dressed in sport costume or bathing dresses. She has a lively song with burlesque of bathing or golf in the* BUSINESS]

[*Enter* DOTTIE *or* IPHIGENIA *in spotlight with chorus. She is very tragic and does a scene from the "Phedra of Racine" or some other French classic*]

[*Enter* POLLIE *or* ORCHESTERIA *with chorus and man dancing partner. They execute a modern fox trot. While in song, chorus explains*]

[*Enter* BESSIE *or* ARIADNE *with chorus dressed as modern soubrette in a musical comedy. She has rather a gay daring lit-*

tle song and dance, at the finale of which all the sisters are congratulated by admiring audience]

[*Enter* BETTIE *or* SAPPHO, *who sings on Greek art or poetry*]

SEVEN GIRLS

[*In chorus*]

Where's Melinda? Our little sister Melinda — where is she?

OTHERS

[*Echoing*]

Where is Melinda? Has she changed much? Has she no accomplishments? Has she not learned to act, dance, sing or play?

MRS. GRUNDY

[*Sadly*]

Hush, don't mention Melinda!

[*At that moment noise of a brass band*

is heard at the back of the theater in the foyer. There is cheering and shouting of people and MELINDA *appears dressed very plainly but attractively and carrying a suffrage flag with children of the poor holding onto her skirt and men and women in every walk of life following her in the procession: laborers, factory girls, salesladies, etc. Neither looking to the left nor the right,* MELINDA *marches down center aisle with her little army and onto the stage to the amazement of every one present.* MELINDA'S *sisters are shocked and horrified*]

MRS. PEPPER

[*Groaning aloud*]

This will ruin us. Just when we had got the best people up to our house on the hill.

[MUSICAL SCENE: *Little children, factory girls, and shop assistants: "Our Friend Melinda Has Promised," etc.*]

[MELINDA *has a song: "I Am Melinda." She is joined in the chorus by her followers. At the conclusion of song, with great earnestness of manner, she kisses her sisters, who draw back from her suspiciously. She then goes to her mother*]

MELINDA

[*To mother*]

Won't you welcome me home, mother? I have marched a long way and I am very tired but not so tired as some of my friends here who need my help and yours.

MRS. GRUNDY

[*In loud voice to* MRS. MALAPROP]

Good heavens, I actually believe the creature's a suffragette! No wonder they never spoke of her except behind closed doors. I think we had better be going.

MRS. MALAPROP

Do you think it can be possible? And just when we had taken them up and they were about to become our equals socially.

REVEREND WONTSTOP

[*To* MAYOR DOOLESS]

Do you think she will become violent? I have read that they sometimes do.

MAYOR DOOLESS

I believe you are right. We had better go while we are safe from harm.

MRS. KNOWITALL

Oh, there is no danger. They talk a lot but they rarely do anything. Women only fight with their tongues.

MELINDA

[*Catching last remark and speaking in clear voice*]

You are mistaken, Mrs. Knowitall. Women

nowadays have better weapons than the one you mention. We fight, it is true, but we fight with good deeds, with love of humanity as our sword and justice as our shield. We want you all to tear away the blinds of superstition and let the sun of knowledge pour into the windows of your soul. We want you — and by you, I mean all women — to help each other, to be kind to each other, to throw off your shackles of servitude and become free — all equal, all great, all working together for the common cause — equal rights, equal responsibilities, equal rewards, equal punishments.

MRS. GRUNDY

Good heavens, she is obviously no lady!

MELINDA

If your way of living, thinking, and acting are those of a lady, then I am glad to dissociate myself from so ambiguous a term. I am a woman first and I want to help all women who are blind and who still live in mental as well as physical slavery.

MAYOR DOOLESS

[*Stepping up in bellicose manner*]

Young woman, do you fancy for one moment that you could take my place as Mayor of the town of Oshkosh? For you do want political rights in this hairbrained scheme of yours.

MELINDA

And why am I not as capable of being Mayor and of holding office as well or as ill as you do? [*At the word "ill" the* MAYOR *squirms.*] You know as well as I that this is a wide open town. By that I mean that every vice can flourish here by the purveyors paying for their license to carry on the trade.

MAYOR

[*Indignantly*]

There is not any more vice in the streets of Oshkosh than any other town in the Union.

MELINDA

[*Gently*]

Not any more vice — there you have touched the crux of the matter. Why should there not be less vice than in any other town in America? Why should vice, depravity, and crime be comparative?

MAYOR

[*Feebly*]

But if I close these places, I'd be put out of office They wouldn't elect me a second term.

MELINDA

Who do you mean by "they"?

MAYOR

The citizens of this community.

MELINDA

But if all the citizens had the power to vote, you would be elected a second term. The majority is always for the right.

MAYOR

But all the citizens do vote. Every Tom, Dick and Harry has a vote in this town and they use it too, worse luck.

MELINDA

All the blacks, the negroes, they also are allowed their vote?

MAYOR

Yes.

MELINDA

And imbeciles, if they are allowed at large, even they can vote?

MAYOR

Absolutely, yes.

MELINDA

And any farm hand or railroad laborer, even if he can't spell or write, but can just make his mark — he can vote?

MAYOR

Of course.

MELINDA

Was your late wife, whose good works are still the talk of the town, the late Mrs. Dooless, an intelligent woman, Mayor?

MAYOR

[*Proudly*]

Intelligent? You bet your bottom dollar she was. Why, it was she who wrote my first speech in the Democratic campaign which elected me to the Board of Aldermen.

MELINDA

Was she as intelligent as old black Joe, the negro stable-boy of Dr. Doolittle?

MAYOR

I won't have the memory of my late wife insulted, Miss Melinda Pepper!

MELINDA

I am not insulting the memory of the late Mrs. Dooless. It is you who are doing that.

MAYOR

What do you mean?

MELINDA

Because by denying women the political right to vote and by allowing old black Joe that same right, you place old black Joe mentally and economically in a position superior to that of the late Mrs. Dooless, your capable and very good wife.

MAYOR

[*Scratching his head*]

Well, I really hadn't thought of it in that way.

MELINDA

[*Returning to the attack*]

Mayor, what, exactly, constitutes a citizen of a country and a member of a community?

MAYOR

[*Promptly*]

A man who pays his taxes.

MELINDA

But women pay taxes just the same as men and yet they have no rights. How do you explain that?

MAYOR

It isn't the vote we mind you women having. We would give you that, if you wouldn't scream for more. But it's your holding office we men object to. We can't stand for that. What would happen to the country with a pack of women howling in the Senate and giving pink teas at the White House? Why, the whole country would go to the dogs!

MELINDA

The country has been going to the dogs for quite a while now. Why not give it to the cats for a change? Why, women have proved their efficiency in the arts, the professions, and the vocations which have been so long monopolised by men in the past. Statistics teach us that women make just as good surgeons, lawyers, architects, and in fact excel in all the practical arts. Because she has been kept

a drudge for centuries past, the fine arts have been a closed book to her; but from a creature of utility, she is rapidly becoming a creature of opportunity; and when woman tightens the rein and puts the bit on intellect and instinct, she will be unconquerable.

[*Turning to her sisters*]

And you, my sisters, so gifted and so beautiful — how have you spent the last few years when you should have been studying, preparing yourselves for the great day when women will take their proper places in the world? "Vanity"— has been your watchword —"Vanity" alone has been your guiding star!

[Mrs. Pepper, *who has been more and more converted, suddenly flings discretion to the winds*]

Mrs. Pepper

Girls, girls, put away your curls! If the men won't be prepared, we'll show them that the women are for preparedness anyhow!

[SONG: *"Girls, Girls, Put Away Your Curls." All join, drilling, etc., going into Finale:* "CARRY ON!"]

CURTAIN

SELECTED LYRICS

MELINDA'S ENTRANCE

MELINDA

Once when I was a little girl,
Not very long ago,
I dreamed a dream made my head whirl,
The dream some day you shall know.

CHILDREN

We have come with you,
Our dreams are true.

MELINDA

And so illusions, they come and go,
I am older now and wise, I know.

CHILDREN

Oh no!

MELINDA

I dreamed of a world so fair and wide

Framed by the stars above;
And in this world was naught beside:
Sympathy, hope, and love.

THE WALTZ

I am tired to-night,
And I'm weary of bright
Restless eyes, carmine lips,
Drooping shoulder;
And I feel that before
My brief life is o'er,
And the wiser I grow and older,
I should give up all
Dances, flirtation and balls,
These society teas
And afternoon calls;
For I still remember
The dear days when you
Taught me a dance that was new.

REFRAIN

'Twas a waltz, dear,
You taught me that night,

In the waltz, dear,
You held me so tight;
As we glided together
On love's dreamy strain,
The throb of the violins
Crept into my brain.
Now though I have half forgotten your name,
And I have waltzed oft with others,
It is never the same;
And I'd give my fame,
Fortune and all for the right,
Could we waltz once again, dear, to-night.

Now at first 'twas a task, dear,
To get you to ask
For my programme
To write down your name.
And I don't know why
But you made me feel shy,
Though I wished you to stay
Just the same.
And oh, how I wish

We had played bigger parts,
And ceased to dissemble,
And laid bare our hearts!
Then I'd have been yours,
And you'd have been mine:
Together in Life's Waltz divine!

NURSE'S SONG

Man thinks of woman in moments of leisure,
Bringing him pleasure to claim and caress.
Man finds in woman a prize he could treasure,
Gold beyond measure in sorrow or stress.
Whether in battle the fight has been hard for you,
When you have sickness or harm that is dire,
There's a friend with a tender regard for you,
Woman, the best that man can desire.

Come to us, send for us,
When you are broken or sorry or sad.
If you want aid of us,
Don't be afraid of us,
We will be tender and render you glad.
Only take heed of us,
If you have need of us,

We can bring light to your eye once again.
We want a share of you,
We will take care of you,
Tend you and mend you and save you from pain.

GOLF

There's a game that every fellow loves to play:
Golfing is the game to-day that holds the sway;
If you play it as you really ought to do,
There is nothing like it, I'll explain to you.
Now all you want is just a girl of seventeen,
Just about the greenest thing upon the green.
Never mind your playing, always keep on saying,
That you love her — is all that you need.
Just get your little mashie and your maid
And I will tell you how the game is played.

REFRAIN

First give your girl a kiss,
That part you mustn't miss.
Then drive — and kiss some more
(Ta ra-ta ra-ta ra)
Then you postpone the play,

Look in her eyes and say:
"Cuddle up near me,
We're in a bunker, dearie."
Then round her dainty waist
Your arm is quickly placed,
With love you're all on fire.
You hug and tease her,
Cuddle and squeeze her,
But while you're dreaming
You hear somebody screaming,
"Fore! Fore! Fore!"
Then your game is o'er,
And you can start over again.

DUBLIN MOLLY-O

There's a little town in Ireland
And Dublin is its name;
There's not a place in all the world
That I love quite the same;
The girls they are the sweetest there
An' tho I'm far from home
Soon I'll go back to Molly-O
And make her all my own.
And then there'll be a bonny babe
As taxes to the king
An' if e'er he sees my Molly-O
Like me he's sure to sing,
Flora, Cora, Polly,
Dolly, Norah,
I never could adore a girl like you;
And with Sallie — Callie,
I really couldn't dally

Tho you live in Lovers' Alley
And to me you'd be so true;
There's not another — mother —
A sister, friend or brother,
Like a little Irish lass I know.
With " Because I came from Dublin,"
'Tis me you're always troublin'.
Arrah go on but
I love my Molly-O.

LEGS

Some tell people by their bumps,
Or by their palms, they say;
And if upon your head you've lumps,
They'll give you dead away.
Cranks who claim to tell about
Your traits by the way you talk,
But the surest way to tell a man
Is by his legs and walk.

Refrain

Can't you tell a lady from the city?
Can't you tell a Jacky from the sea?
By her walk you know she must be pretty,
By his legs a nut he'd like to be.

Can't you tell that she is glad he's found her
Can't you see that she's been in the dregs?
Can't you tell that he's a perfect bounder?
In fact, there's nothing one can't learn from legs.

"HELLO, HELLO"

(Words and Music by Elsa Maxwell)

I've got a secret
That I've shared with none,
A secret that is very dear
I'll tell to only one
If I find that some one answers me.
I cannot keep it more,
When it's all about some one that I adore.
So Exchange please give me
I L-O-V-E Y-O-U
And please don't say "engaged" unless to some one true.

REFRAIN

Hello, hello, isn't there a fellow
Who will answer at the other end?
Now it is very strange
That I can't get exchange (don't cut me off)

To connect me with a gentlemanly friend!
Hello, hello, haven't you a number?
Hello, hello, haven't you a name?
There must be some one on some 'phone
Who wants me for his very own,
So hello, hello,
If you're not a dunce,
You'll say hello, hello, at once.

GIRLS, GIRLS, PUT AWAY YOUR CURLS

For a thousand years or so,
Since many moons ago,
Men have ruled us women East and West.
From the cave man in his lair
To the flyer in the air,
To keep us women down they thought was best.
But turned now is the tide,
And we cannot be denied,
We are coming in our millions to enhance;
For they need us great and small,
And we'll gladly give our all
To show what we can do if we've the chance.

REFRAIN

So girls, girls, put away your curls,
Put away your petticoats and frills!
Step right into line;
Cease now to repine;

We'll show them that we all can learn to drill.
Left! Right! We can stand the pace.
'Tention! Halt! Right about face!
But we've done with teas and balls;
We've forgotten how to dance;
We'll show what we can do if we've the chance!

CARRY ON!

(Dedicated to Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont)

What ardent hopes inspire us,
With the women marching by!
Both young and old turned toward the goal,
For the cause that never dies;
The music swelling wakes the echoes,
Makes the great hearts glow;
It tells us that our warriors bold,
Like Knights of Long Ago,
When they rode forth to defend the Grail,
For Freedom's sake they can never fail!

REFRAIN

Carry on; carry on!
For Victory's flag that flies.
Carry on! that our work
Will never be in vain.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Who lives if Freedom dies?
Are we downhearted? No! No! No!
For the beacon light
Will shine a long long way;
Carry on and fear no foe!

Now when my span of life is run,
And I falter on life's way;
And the children gather at my knee,
They will listen when I say:
Your mother, dears, fought for the right,
To free you from the yoke,
Worn by all women till the time
The voice of action spoke;
That's what your mother did, my dears,
When she broke the servitude of years.

REFRAIN

Carry on; carry on!
For Victory's flag that flies.
Carry on! that our work
Will never be in vain.
Who lives if Freedom dies?

Are we downhearted? No! No! No!
For the light of knowledge
Shines a long long way;
Carry on to crush the foe!

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